DRACULA,

cut at him.

He had parried with his great

this, for as Jonathan, with desperate

way the cause of the extraordinary disappearance of the dead man,

The sun was now right down upon the mountain top, and the red gleams fell upon my face, so that it was bathed in rosy light. With one im-

side, and that the blood was spurt not been in vain! See! the snow is not more stainless than her forehead! And, to our bitter grief, with a smile and in silence, he died, a gal-

themselves covered by the Winchesters, and at the mercy of Lord Godalming and Dr. Beward, had given in and made no further resistance. The

scattered over him.

He was deathly pale, just like a waxen image, and the red eyes glared with the horrible vindictive look which I knew too well.

As I looked, the eyes saw, the sinking sun, and the look of hate in them turned to triumph.

Is to us so full of vivid and terrible numeries. It was almost impossible to believe that the things which we had seen with our own eyes and heard with our own ears were living truths. Every trace of all that had been was blotted out. The castle stood as before, reared high above a waste of desolation.

JONATHAN DELIVERS DEATH

JONATHAN DELIVERS DEATH

STROKE TO DRACULA.

But, on the instant, came the sweep and flash of Jonathan's great knife. I shricked as I saw it shear through the safe where they had been ever

ment Mr. Morris' bowle knife plunged into the heart.

It was like a miracle; but before our very eyes, and almost in the drawing of a breath, the whole body crumbled into dust and passed from and myself, and Van Heleing's memour sight.

I shall be glad as long as I even did we wish to, to acceptive that even in that moment of as proofs of so wild a story. orandum. We could harly ask any one Van Helsing summed it all up as

there was in the content of the cont bested there. to believe us! This boy will some day
The Castle of Dracula now stood know what a brave and gallant womont against the red sky, and every an his mother is. Already he knows atone of its broken battlements was her sweetness and loving care; later articulated against the light of the on he will understand how some men so loved her, that they did dare much

Another Chapter of the "Hidden Hand" on This Page Today



Doing Your Share

By MARY ELLEN SIGSBEE



By Mary Ellen Sigsbee.

FRIEND of mine sat at her window and watched a neighboring bouseholder shovelling the snow off of his pavement. He made a good job of it and when he got to the end of his own pavement he removed quite a large amount of snow from the premises of his neighbor.

He seemed not at all afraid of doing more than his share. He is a man whose efforts in life have usually been crowned with success. Perhaps his attitude toward work

EPISODE 10.

Cogs of Death.

heard Ramsay and Doris enter.

Whitney Home when she

"Such an experience!" cried

Doris breathlessly. "What do you

think? I've been attacked again

by the Hidden Hand. I tried to

escape from him-up on a roof-

the chimney fell-on him-and I

think he's dead. Two of them es-

"Oh, I'm so glad," camouflaged

Doris turned toward Ramsay, who

was putting the locket in the safe,

and, for the first time, Verda be-

trayed consternation. If the Hidden

Hand was really dead, how was she

to prove that she, not Dorie, was

the true daughter of Judson Whit-

As she watched Doris and Ram-

say, slowly a plan began to form

in her mind. She must get away

and verify the news. Quietly she

backed out of the room without at-

tracting the attention of either

Doris or Ramsay. A moment later

Verds was on the street and hurry-

ing alone to the den of the Hidden

combination of the safe to make

sure that it was locked. "we ought

A moment later he was at the telephone, jiggling the hook. "Is

Dr. Scarley in?" he asked, as he got

"No, sir," came back the answer

from the white-coated attendant in Scarley's office. 'Is there any mes-

Without answering, Ramsay Without answering, Ramsay turned to Doria. For a moment there was a look of triumph on his face. Precisely that would be the case if Scarley were the Hidden

Still there was one other possibil-

ity. He jiggled the telephone re-

Abner Whitney. When, however, from Abner's ve-

let came the reply that he too, was out, Ramsay was perplared.

The best he em, I say, as Doris

turned to go up _ rs to change her

solled and torn frock was, "Well.

anyhow, whichever does not return

must be the Hidden Hand. We shall

Meanwhile, in the den, the Hidden

Hand lay stretched out on a couck,

Forced to Wait.

have to wait."

to be able to find out who he is."

"If he's really dead." suggested

caped with his body."

Verda.

ney?

is one of the things which accounts for this.

When he had finished clearing the sidewalk he removed the snow from the gutter. It was a wet snow, and already showed signs of melting. Then his eye travelled over the distance which separated the cleared space from the sewer opening at the corner.

He considered a moment and then started in with a will and opened up that gutter all the way from his own property to the sewer -a distance of over half a block. The next day when a thaw set in all his neighbors were saved from a deluge of water and slush.

Now this man is a good citizen He would be capable of living in a community where property rights were not at all times guarded by the strong arm of the law.

Many of us sigh for a social utopia-a state of society in which the brotherhood of man meets practical recognition. How many of us, however, demonstrate in our daily life our own ability to occupy a place in such an ideal state?

A Serial of Romance and Mystery.

in a moment the Hidden Hand pulled himself up slowly and labo-riously. Dasedly he looked around. Then he reached his hand into his inside pocket and drew out the

acket—safe! He clutched at it eagerly, and, as he thought of what had happened and his strength began to return to him he was filled with a consuming

rage.
While Verds stood beside him and the emissaries crowded about he began already plotting his revenge on Doris and Ramsay.

say was seated at a table with his coat off, writing a confidential re-port for his secret service chief, when suddenly the door opened quietly and Verda glided in carefully leaving the door open behind

An Unexpected Visit.

Ramsay looked up from his work surprised. He forced a pleasant smile and rose quickly, while Verda moved over to the table by which he was standing. Without answering his inquiry, Verda picked up the paper he had been writing and then began to read it. Surprised and angry, Rameay seized the paper from her. "Oh, Jack!" repreached Verda, affecting to be deeply hurt.

To Be Continued To-morrow.

By Jane McLean. SAW her just as she flitted by,

Little girl that I was; Pale little face all sweet and shy, Little girl that I was, Nervous hands and a look that spoke Of wonderful dreams that must be broke, Some dark day when the dreamer woke, Little girl that I was.

I caught in vain at her flying hair, And the look of dreams in her eyes Seemed to me more than ever fair, For the fact that my own were wise. I thought if Time for a little while Would lift my lips with her wistful smile, My heart would sing on the next long mile For the little girl that I was.

She never dreamed she would grow to be Would quicken my heart with a memory sweet Of the little girl that I was,

WHEN FATHER An Otter Coat GOES AWAY

Word to Mothers About Filling His Place

By William A.-McKeever (One of the aution's best-known sociological writers).

OMETHING like two million dependent children in this country are now either permanently or temporarily fatherless. Approximately \$50,000 of the fathers are absent nearly all the time as traveling salesmen and in other business capacities. Another 150,000, it is estimated, are enlisted in the army. Still another 150,000 are either

dead or estranged from their families. Now, here is a task which might well challenge the attention of the nation; namely, to furnish this vast army of dependent young Americane a reasonable substitute for the loss of the father's assistance in their care and management.

That the unattended mothers of these many children are often sorely tried and perplexed to know what to do for their young there is ample evidence. Among the 25,000 letters that have come to a certain State Child Welfare Director during recent years a large number have contained pleas from this particular class of mothers stories of runaway boys, of unguarded girls and of bitter experiences of various other kinds have constituted the bulk of these complaints. "A boy needs a father" is the substance of the rather despairing conclusion of the typical letter of the class here considered.

But the companionless mother need not despair of success in rearing her children, provided she follows persistently a few tried and comparatively simple rules. While it is folly for the average mother to rely on merely her instinctive resources in child training, she may now easily obtain the benefits of the successful experiences of many others of her class.

First of all, the mother should study her problem through the use of literary helps. The National Children's Bureau at Washington, the State Board of Health, the State University, and the department of education in any college or normal school-these may be called upon for assistance and their suggestions followed with fair suc-

But chiefly the task of the mother is to choose a reasonable course and stick to it. The typical mother is too yielding, too variable, too "easy." The average boy soon finds her weak spot and takes advantage of it to break away from discipline. "The one who doubts is lost" is a rule of success here. The weak, uncertain tone of command of the mother who doubts and hesitates in her decision is quickly detected by the youthful insurgent of the household

Children live much by the law of habit. They acquire good habits as quickly as they do bad ones. So the habit of ebedience must be invoked as a fundamental law of child training. A sharp, positive tone of voice, an attitude of certainty, an air of authority—all these may be easily assumed by the mother and they will soon become habitual and surprisingly helpful. Thus habit and rhythm are intro-duced into the order of the house-hold and life is made easy and pleasant for all.

The next task is to grow with the children. That is, learn to watch for the changing order of events in their natures. Do not keep your boy in curls and dainty white clothes after he has become large enough of the rough-and-tumble

Do not keep your girl playing with baby dolls after she becomes instinctively interested in her own clothes. After having discovered what the child normally and instinetively craves give it to him in ed form. Such is always a safe rule of training.

of training.

Finally, try to place your boy where he can have the advice and example of clean, manly men. He had better become somewhat rough—if not a bit tough—than grow up a sissy boy. If his father is living, then remind him that this age de-mands the production of a better type of manhood than was the rule a generation ago. Urge that he try to become truer, braver, more capa-ble than his father ever had an opportunity to become Do not mag or lecture your child with pessimistic visions of his failure or defeat. Rather place the exaggeration on the other side and picture his splendid success-to-be.

It is surprising how a "plug of a boy" will finally straighten up and at length amount to something provided you stay by him faither. through the dark period

The "Land on Lanterns." Among the Chinesesthere has existed for ages a passion for fire-works and lanterns. In every city. at every port and on every river and canal, as seen as night comes n, the lanterns make their appearance. They are hung out at the door of every dwelling; they swing as pendants to the angles of the pagods; they form the flery crown of every shop front; they cluster round the houses of the rich and light up the hovels of the poor; they are borne with the carriage of the traveller, and they swinz from the yards and masts of his

Reprinted by Permis-

kingdom, "Apres moi le deluge."

This Day in History.

THIS is the anniversary of the guillotining of Louis XVL

cesses of his grandfather, Louis XV. It was the former

monarch who replied, when told of the destitution of the

of France, who in 1793 paid with his life for the ex-

sion Good Housekeeping



THEY have no coal? Then give them fur," is the very sensible suggestion Paris offers, and presents the otter coat at the left. It is collared and banded with beaver, the hat is beaver cloth, and the boots are beaver colored.

ADVICE TO THE LOVELORN By BEATRICE FAIRFAX

A Married Man. DWAR MISS PAIRFAX:

I am eighteen, a high-school graduate, and employed as book-keeper, earning \$16 a week. Previous to this position, my

employer—who has been married for several years, but has no children—took a great liking to me. I decided to leave and learned his wife had deserted He has proposed several times

me; but since he has not as to him. Secondly, there is quite a difference in age, as he is thirty-Thirdly, it seems as if would do injustice to my older sister and to my father to con-sider any matrimonial questions at my age.
I know this man thoroughly,

both socially and financially. He is a man possessing some of the finest qualities. MT DEAR GIRL, no man who is

not divorced has any right to be talking marriage to a girl. Nor should this man have started making love to you when you were in his employ and he was still the husband of another woman. The difference in your ages is not of any great importance, and you would certainly not be doing your parents an injustice if you married a man who might even be able to help them a bit. Nor does the fact that you have an older sister, unmarried, count. But it is important that the man is not in a posttion to marry you.

It Can Be Done. DEAR MISS FAIRFAX:

Do you think a couple could live comfortably on \$25 a week?
Am considering marriage, but do you think that \$25 per week would go very far. G. E. TWENTY-FIVE dollars a week

won't go very far. But it can be stratched to cover the wants of two people if they are good managers and care enough for each other to go without the foolish luxuries with which we encumber life to-day. Don't try to live in a fashionable neighborhood or to indulge in extravagant good times. Keep your rent down to eighteen or twenty dollars a month, market carefully, dress sanely and plan to save five or ten dollars a month and not buy anything for which you cannot pay. Don't get the "charge it" habit, for that leads to extravagance. Make an adventure out of your economies and work toward a future when salaries will be larges.

LITTLE BOBBIE'S PA

By William F. Kirk.

PA brot Ma hoam a big plant last nite, it was all he could carry in his two (2) arms. Here, my queen, sed Pa to Ma, I lay at yure feet this token, Pa sed, that I have not forgot them golden days of our courtship.

Indeed, sed Ma, what is the idea of turning this hoam into a green house. That makes six (5) rubber plants wich you have brot hears this week. I luv bloom & buty, sed Pa.

is why I married you. I have the hart of a post, sed Pa. & like to see buty on every side, Pa sed. That is why I look on every side wen I am walking down the street, The way you are going on, sed

Ma, we will not be abel to move about in our littel flat on account of the vege-tashun. One wad think one was in darkest Afriky with Livingston or Stanly, in the old flaye, sed Ma. This is beginning to look like a jungel, sed Ma, all we need now is a box conductor, sed Ma.

A what? sed Pa. A box conductor, sed Ma, one of them giant enakes, that wraps itself around men.

You mean a con-stricktor, sed Paa box constricktor. A conduc wraps hisself around small change. sed Pa, but not around human beeings. You mean one of them huge rep-tiles which I used to slay on my ex-ploring trips.

Well, anyway, sed Ma, you are clut-tering up the house with a let of Flory & Fauny wich you collect in yure ramglings thru the darkest city, sed Ma. This majestick rubber plant looks as if it needed a drink, sed Ma, is that why you felt sorry for it & brot it hoam?

We will not discuss the plant any moar, sed Pa, if you donnt like it. I was saying to myself all the way boam, sed Pa, how much my wife will like this hers plant & now she flings it from her like the father in the play, sed Pa, telling his daughter to go & never darken the litehouse door. Oh, well, sed Pa, we will fergit it, & I will talk this poor, hoamless littel plant away to-

morrow, sed Pa. We may as well keep it now that it is here, sed Ma, but I wish, dearest luv, sed Ma, that in these racking days of sus-pense, sed Ma, you wud save yure sugar for a rainy day. You never can tell, sed Ma, wen you will see the day that the money you paid for this clinging vine will cum in mitey handy for eat meal or spuds, sed Ma. Let us

be careful of our change, Ma sed. All rite, sed Pa, after this wen I git one of them tender & gental impulses & want to buy sumthing for you I will stifel the still, small voice, sed Pa, & keep the munny be tite, Pa sed, I will be tite. I will now reamove this here ver-dant vine into the Back Yard, sed Ps. & let it refleck on the un-certing thing we call life.

Deant bother moving the plant now, sed Ma it is here, the near littel orfant, sed Ma. & we mite as well give it a sunny heam. I sunpoas now you will bring hoam two green burds to set in its branches.

No, sed Pa, I went never bring heam any mear green things. Excep one green thing, sed Ms.

always reamember to bring heam one green thing, the dough, sed Ma. That is ever green & ever weloum Ma sed.

HOUSEHOLD SUGGESTIONS Ivery knife handles that have

grown yellow with age may be whitened by rubbing gently with fine sandpaper and then polishing with a clean chamois leather. When washing colored frocks add

& little vinegar to ooth washing and rinsing waters in order to set the colors. Allow two tablespeenfuls of vinegar to a gallon of water.

When belling a haddock fasten the head to the tall, add only sufficient water to cover and boll slowly

indigestible if boiled fast.

To extinguish a chimney on fire. take a large handful of sulphur and throw it into the fire. When the sulphurous fumes ascend they will at once put out the fire.

Oil cans should be kept tightly corked, as kerosene exposed to the air will not burn brightly and will form a crust on the wick shortly after being lighted,

To prevent polished steel from becoming rusty, dip it into or rub it over with lime water or powdered

Playing cards can be cleaned by rubbing them with a rag slightly

THE VAMPIRE By BRAM STOKER.

In THE MIDST of this I could see that Jonathan on one side of the ring of men, and Quincy one the other, were forcing a way to the cart; it was evident that they were bent on finishing their task before the sun should set. Nothing seemed to stop or even to hinder them. Neither the leveled weapons nor the flashing knives of the gypsies in front, or the howling of the wolves behind, appeared to even attract their attention.

Jonathan's impetuosity, and the manifest singleness of his purpose, seemed to overawe those in front of him; instinctively they cowered aside and let him pass. In an instant he had jumped upon the cart, and, with a feeble effort, my hand in that of him and the wounded man laid back his head on his shoulder. With a sigh he took, with a feeble effort, my hand in that of

and let him pass. In an instant he had jumped upon the cart, and, with a strength which seemed incredible, raised the great box, and flung it ever the wheel to the ground.

In the meantime, Mr. Morris had had to use force to pass through his side of the ring of Sagany. All the time I had been breathlessly watching Jonathan I had, with the tail of my eye, seen him pressing desperately forward, shd had seen the knives of the gypnies flash as he won a way through them, and they cut at him.

shoulder. With a sigh he took, with a feeble effort, my hand in that of his own which was unstained. He must have seen the anguish of my heart in my face, for he smiled at me and said:

"I am only too happy to have been of any service! Oh, God!" he cried suddenly, struggiling up to a sitting posture and pointing to me. "It was worth for this to die! Look! look!"

CURSE OF THE VAMPIRE

FADES WITH THE SUN.

The sun was now right down upon

SCARLET STREAM TELLS BLOW HAS REACHED HOME. bowie knife, and at first I thought pulse the men sank on their knees that he too had come through in and a deep and earnest "Amen" broke safety; but as he sprang beside Jona-from all as their eyes followed the than, who had by new jumped from pointing finger. The dying man the cart, I could see that with his spoke: left hand he was clutching at his "Now God be thanked that all has

ing through his fingers.

He did not delay notwithstanding The curse has passed away!" energy, attacked one end of the chest, attempting to prize off the lid with his great Kukri knife, he attacked the other frantically with his bowis. Under the efforts of both men the lid began to yield; the nalls of some of us since then is, we think, draw with a quick screeching sound, and the top of the box was thrown back.

By this time the gypsies, seeing themselves covered by the Winchesattacked one end of the

was almost down on the moun-tops, and the shadows of the le group fell long upon the snow. In the summer of this year we made whole group fell long upon the snow.

I saw the Count lying within the box upon the earth, some of which over the old ground which was, and the rude falling from the cart had is, to me so full of vivid and terrible

the threat; whilst at the same mo- since our return so long ago.

We were struck with the fact, that

final dissolution, there was in the have imagined might have

Don't Rely on Filters

By Ira S. Wile, Associate Editor American Medicina AVE you a filter on a faucet in

the kitchen? You want your drinking water clear, clean and pure. You have paid out money to protect your bousehould from contam-

mated drinking water.

dy and turbid you are able to strain out the particles of dirt by using a sand or porcelain filter. If the drinking water is clayer or laden with iron particles or small

If the public water supply is mud-

vegetable forms your filter will be of service in removing them. If the water in clear when it arrives at the top, the filter is practically useless for further purifica-

You cannot judge the purity of water by looking at it. You can say it is clean or dirty. You cannot decide whether it is safe and at to drink or contains infective

As ordiarily used in the home filters do not give protection from in-

You may use charcoal, asbestos, stone, porcelain or sand filters. They clean water but cannot purify disinfect it. If there is typhoid in your comunity and the water supply is

under suspicion, boll the water that

is to be drunk by your family. ing of safety by buying and attach-Have you ever noted the inconof some people who be-

lieve in the kitchen filter but brush their teeth with unfiltered water or take a drink of plain tap water in

the bathroom? To be of any value a filter must he cleaneed frequently and properly. Most persons know as much about cleaning a filter as running a punch press. The pores of the filter soon become filled and unless they are cleansed, the water, rushing through, earries some of the particles that have been held for several

days into the glass or pitcher. An uncleaned filter is far more dangerous to health than none. Bacteria, as for example those causing typhoid fever, may be held for a time in the porcelain, char-

numbers and increase the danger to the water drinker. A pure water supply is demanded by sanitarians. The responsibility for the purity

coal or sand and actually grow in

of drinking water depends upon erganised communities. A householder cannot depend upon his own efforts to ensure a safe

drinkable water supply. Regardless of the character of the water that is piped to your home, you can prevent an outbreak of water borne disease by boiling the water. Boiling will destroy the mast

dangerous disease germs.

The flat taste of boiled water, un-

pleasant to many persons, may be leasened by shaking the water in The taste of water is unimportant compared with its safety.

Dring bolled water when you are in doubt as to its manitary condition. Do not stake your life on a bouse-

hold filter.

The Hidden Hand

By Arthur B. Reeve, frantically, with a pulmoter, to revive him.
"Does he breathe yet?" asked one. Creator of the "Crafg Konnedy" mystery stories, which appear ex-The other shock his head. Nor could he feel a flutter of the heart. As the moments passed they beclusively in Commopolitan Magazine.

gan to lose all hope.
Sudenly the door was flung open,
and Verda rushed in. For an in-stant she gazed wildly at the mo-VERDA was restlessly waiting Copyright, 1917, Star Company. "Then it's true?" she cried. "Everything we have done has failed," they replied. alone in the library of the

She looked about helplessly and her eyes fell on a big static ma-chine. Somewhere she had heard of "Why. Doris," she asked, noticing her torn frock, "what has hapelectrical resuscitation. There is just one chance!" she claimed. "Try that electrical ap-

Quickly an emissary moved the couch over to the static machine, while Verda assumed charge as all worked eagerly. An amissary began whirling the glass plates and a spark shot from one brass electrode ball to the other, increasing in length and power. Directed by Verda another applied the elec-trodes to the Hidden Hand. one at his back, the other on his chest, For many minutes they worked. Suddenly his chest began to heave. His eyelids fluttered and finally

his eyes opened. They redoubled their efforts and soon his muscles began to move. Verda forced a stimulant between his tight-

At last his fingers twitched, and

Shadows.

In the years that were drear and long. Bebbared of all her dreams like me, With a soul too tired for song. She never dreamed that her flying feet, Passing me by on Life's busy street.